

Akala Lyrics

“C.R.E.A.M. (Freestyle)”

Who wanna be broke? Nobody, that's a joke
That's why coats get blood soaked for pound notes
That's most of the reason niggas bleeding from gun smoke
It's all of the reason that a twelve year old sell coke
That's why mum's stressed out, that's why niggas stretched out
If you stackin' cake, we'll break in your house, tape up your mouth
Take the spouse, where's the cash?
Give me the work or the cash, or you gettin' clapped
You can be the king of the track, or rap, niggas is rash
Long as you black you can get jacked, that is a fact
I never really been rich but I know one thing that won't change
Never let a man that bleed the same take my chain
I feel raped, I buss it, fuck it
I couldn't rest knowing the man took what's mine and I did nothing
How I run it, I done stuck a few in my days
But I'm still here so fuck it, party away
Get paid, get laid, get a house with a maid
Give back to those that was raised how you was raised
Whoever said life ain't about stackin' paper?
They a fuckin' idiot, and they need to wake up